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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Ho, brother, it's the handclasp and the good word and the smile
That does the most and helps the most to make the world worth while!
It's all of us together, or it's only you and I—
A ringing song of friendship and the heart beats high;
A ringing song of friendship, and a word or two of cheer,
Then all the world is gladder, and the bending sky is clear!

It's you and I together—and we're brothers one and all
Whenever through good fellowship we hear the subtle call,
Whenever in the ruck of things we feel the helping hand
Or see the deeper glow that none but we may understand—
Then all the world is good to us and all is worth the while;
Ho, brother, it's the handclasp and the good word and the smile!

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

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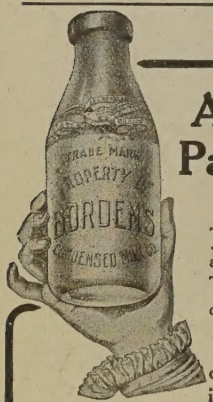

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXV. THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1910. NUMBER 26.

NATURE'S WORD

In holy moments, when great nature seems
Hushed and a-listen, earth and air and sky
In all their loneliness aroused from dreams,
Ready for revelations from on high;

We mortals, too, await in wonder then,—
Hearts throbbing like some small, just-captured bird,—
Something divine about-to-be, ah, when
Or where we know not, but we trust the Word.

—*Richard Burton.*

In a recent press notice issued by Joseph A. Arnold, Editor-in-Chief of the Division of Publications, forest fires are divided into three classes, namely, surface fires, ground fires and crown fires. The first and last are well understood, but the ground fire, the most terrible of all, is the one difficult to understand and least obvious in its awful work. It is that which burns the vegetable mould when it has become thoroughly dry. It burns slowly with intense heat, and is exceedingly difficult to extinguish. "It has been known to burn all winter, creeping along under a deep layer of snow. It destroys all trees by killing the tissues of the roots, and the trees die and are blown over." Here again is sermon material. The ground fires in the spiritual life, the hard, hot furnace heat of business greed, financial ambition, thirst for success, are really more damaging and more difficult to extinguish than the more obvious surface and crown fires of the appetites and the lusts of life. They often leave the tender rootlets under ground intact, and while these live there may be fresh budding and new foliage expected above ground, but when these underground fires have done their work there is nothing to be hoped for.

The War Department seems to be slowly coming into a realization of how an army can be made to justify its existence. We read frequently of details of soldiers being sent out to fight forest fires. That is something worth while. When there are no fires raging, let the War Department make an investment in shovels and pick-axes, that the army may work on the irrigating ditches, and pay them accordingly. Ennoble the profession of soldiers, so that employment in the military service will be as much sought after, as well paid and as highly honored by men of academic and other fitnesses as work in the Reclamation Service now denotes. The Puritan fore-elders went to church with their muskets on their shoulders, and they stacked arms while they prayed. If the nation feels any safer, let its servants, whether they are engaged with postage stamps, surveyors' tools or pen and pencil, be taught the manual of arms. One hour a day and one muster day in a month, and two weeks' encampment in the year, will make any one efficient and available for any arm of the service, artillery, infantry or calvary. Let themspend the rest of the time in useful service. Then, indeed, the government will have en efficient body guard, a serviceable defence. We do not want to do away with the army, but rather transfer it into a glorious soldiery of life, so that its members may well be honored by the phrase, "in the service."

The "Rate Issues" now pending before the Interstate Commerce Commission assume such proportions that the average mind is promptly lost in the figures. Only an expert in the technicalities of book-keeping can think in nine figures. The advance asked for by the freight carriers, it is estimated, will amount to five hundred million dollars for the territory north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, and the railroads will have to prove to the Commission that this advance is necessary in order to secure the consent of the Commission. The significant thing in this inquiry will not consist in the decision, but in the fact that the railroads have been compelled to submit to a decision. The traffickers have been compelled to appear in court and show reason why this advance. And the intelligent public will ask of the Commission, as they now ask of the railroads, whence come the increased fortunes held by the great railroad captains and who has paid for the "watermelons" that have been cut from time to time, and the public will further suspect that there is something wrong in the figuring unless the "distress" of the railroad shows a lessening in the personal income of a certain hundred or more masters of finance, of whom the Pierpont Morgans, the "Jim" Hills, the Goulds and the Vanderbilts, and other hard-worked railroad employes are representatives. The farmers, who constitute the bulk of the consumers and producers, are, or ought to be, willing to meet the increased cost of living on behalf of the shop man and

the boys at work in the yard, but they do begrudge an increase in the wages of those who sweat and moil and wipe their brows and rest their aching bones in the Wall Street offices.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington is not often suspected of poetical aspirations, but if the press notice issued from Washington under date of August 3 is not a contribution to literature, it is rich in material that should inspire the poet. It is almost singable in its comparison of Palestine to California, and its suggestion of the unexplored and unknown resources of the Orient. The universities have done much in exploring the tombs of the Orient. They have found brickbats and broken monuments of great interest, but this bulletin asks for economic exploration. It wants to enrich the far West and Southwest with the plant life transplanted from the far East. Smyrna figs, Thompson seedless grapes, Kherson oats, hard Turkey wheats, and, perhaps more important than all, the emmer, now being developed, a new cereal for the arid districts, have, to quote the bulletin, "made it possible to extend cultivation into regions of the United States heretofore untilled." Indeed, California and Palestine seem to rhyme with one another in their vegetation and economic possibilities. They are similar in topography and climate. Palestine is characterized as a California one-twentieth in size. It is even more favored than California with regard to winter temperature. It seldom goes down to the freezing point. Farmers in that country are safe from frost. The flora of the two countries approximate the same number of species, about three thousand, and, to quote again, "The same vegetation, often the same genera, are found on Mt. Tamalpais and Mt. Carmel in Palestine and the forms of vegetation of the Lebanon and Hermon Mountains are much the same as the western slopes of the Sierras." These point to the spiritual as well as the agricultural advantages that may result from more scientific study of the commodities, resources and vitalities to be found in the East and the West. We commend this bulletin to the consideration of the professors in our theological schools.

What are "luxuries," and who are they whose dire needs are met by the same? Figures produced in Washington report two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of articles classed as "luxuries" imported into the United States during the fiscal year of 1910. This is the largest importation in the history of American commerce. Forty-eight million dollars of this immense sum was paid for diamonds and other precious stones, forty-six million for laces and embroideries, thirty-seven million for tobacco and cigars, twenty-three million for wines and liquors. A comparative table shows the expenditures in these directions in 1900, 1907 and 1910, and a close study of the same throws some light on the advanced cost of living. The people who can find three million eight hundred thousand dollars' to pay for laces other than silk or cotton, three million two hundred thousand for jewelry in gold and silver, twelve million for feathers, five million three hundred thousand for silk laces and embroideries, two million five hundred thousand for "chicle," whatever that may be, one million one hundred thousand for pipes and smokers' articles, and three million eight hundred thousand for imported automobiles and parts thereof, may find out where a part at least of their money comes from if they will look into the financial accounts of the unorganized labor in the United States, such as is represented by the school teachers, preachers, farm laborers and other wage earners, whose cost of living has mounted up out of all proportion to their income. Our civilization cannot advance much further until the topics of laces, feathers, diamonds, pipes and perfumes are thought out to the clear. The contentions of John Ruskin are still vital. Our universities are still missing the mark, with all their boasted study of economics, if they do not push with relentless spirit and courage the economics concerning the unornamental ornaments, the unhygienic and inartistic beautifiers, the foolish amusements that do not amuse, and the wicked waste of human life sacrificed to silliness, the absurdities of fashion, and the monstrous wastefulness of the "dry goods emporiums" that so debauch the physical, as well as hinder and handicap the spiritual life of men, women and children. O how expensive are the follies of life!

Florence Nightingale

"Florence Nightingale is dead!" This message that spread around the world on the wings of the lightning touched the tenderest chords of the human heart in all classes and in all climes. The name awakened only benignant emotions. "The Angel of the Crimea" is an inadequate phrase. She was an angel of civilization, and is an angel of the immortal life. She was a woman of wealth who tried to live up to her endowment, a woman of culture who sought to apply the same, in short, a woman who simply tried to play the womanly part, who did what she could to ameliorate the suffering of others, to atone for the misdeeds of others, to mend the wreckage that resulted from the wickedness of others. Some astute English statesman is reported to have said that "England bet its money on the wrong horse" in the War of the Crimea.

Florence Nightingale did what she could to compensate for the dastardly escapade. She could not and did not save England from the horrible waste of life

and terrible cost of tears, but she tried to overrule the same to the benefit of humanity. She did much to humanize the Christianity that was brutalized by war, to ameliorate the dogmatic spirit, to obliterate the cruel prejudices. She filled with new meaning and fresh potency the words too much ignored by the religious organizations of the world, *philanthropy* and *humane*. She was the great mother of trained nurses, the patron saint of hospitals, the woman who proved that culture and refinement are more equal to meet dire circumstances, filth, disease, vulgarity and misery than stolidity and ignorance.

This "Big Sister" of the unfortunate seems to have been destined to a blessed career by her christening,—the child of flowers, a human song bird, singing in the dusk, the nightingale.

At the end of ninety years the transition has been so gentle, inevitable, natural, that death is not the word. The coffin and the funeral procession are unimportant and negligible quantities. Let there be no moaning or mourning, no crape, at her "crossing of the bar."

Tower Hill Summer School

The editor does not presume to poach upon the preserves of the reporters. What was done and how it was done at Tower Hill this summer will be more or less adequately reported by other hands in other columns, but if an editorial estimate is to be given of the Tower Hill work, it should appear now, at the close of the twentieth season. Some things during this fifth of a century have been demonstrated, a few ventures have passed beyond the experimental stage. Perhaps we can do no better than to count up a few of these "demonstrations" for the benefit of our readers.

1. That any spot of beauty in Wisconsin or otherwise, where trees grow and good water is available, where hill and forest, stream and tilled fields diversify landscape, can be developed into a beauty spot, a place to rest in. Give Nature a chance under these circumstances, and the trees will grow, the flowers will multiply, the birds will congregate, and human nerves will be rested, human hearts be quickened, and human wills strengthened in the near contact.

2. A few right minded people without much money, but with patience, persistence and conscientious application of the principles of simplicity, can in twenty years furnish themselves with a colony equipment of cottages, with running water, dining hall, with ice house and garden, dairy and stable attachments, and they can do it in such a way that poor people can afford to indulge in a summer rest at such a place, complacent in the fact that it is cheaper to spend the summer months in such a place than to stay at home.

3. It is further demonstrated that a few such people can, without exhaustion, do much for themselves intellectually. They can pursue a course of study collectively, devoting one or two hours a day to such studies and high thoughts as will increase their efficiency for the year's work that awaits them, whatever that may be.

4. It is further demonstrated that not many people can be persuaded to believe this thing feasible, that most of the "tired teachers and preachers" for whom this encampment was conceived and planned do not believe it practical. They avoid it, fearing there is some trick in it that will bore or exhaust them.

5. It is also demonstrated for the twentieth time that the few who dare and do come and see for themselves go away converted to the restfulness of Tower Hill, to the intellectual, as well as the physical economy of a summer school that aims not at many things, but seeks to bring to the few things that are undertaken careful preparation on the part of the leaders and diligent attention and consecration on the part of the pupils.

6. This summer school has not grown this year, neither has it diminished, but it has added another group of parishioners who, whether they come again or not, will always maintain toward Tower Hill a parochial affection, a sense of obligation and gratitude.

7. It has also been demonstrated that a month, or, to be exact, twenty-one periods of an hour and a half each, was time enough to awaken profound interest in the "Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion," as realized in the Protestant centuries from Luther to Emerson. The biographical method was pursued, the orthodox and heterodox leaders were studied, and the enlargement of religion by science, scepticism, literature and philanthropy were developed around such names as Calvin, Knox, Fox, Servetus, the Socini, Francis David, Priestley, Channing, Parker, Ballou, Copernicus, Darwin, Voltaire, Thomas Paine, Wordsworth, Whittier, John Howard, Dorothea Dix, Sir William Jones, Kant, Martineau, and the others that led up to Emerson.

8. Another thing has been demonstrated, namely, that a communal life can grow around such a center as this. Tower Hill is a summer camp that has ripened into a settlement. A settlement is made up of *settlers*, people who can say "we" and "ours," who go away to come back again.

9. Another demonstration is that these settlers may learn to establish neighborly relations with the surrounding life. They are not summer *campers*, but summer residents, and their all-the-year-round neighbors, when occasion offers, come to enjoy their meetings, to break bread with them. The Library dedicated last week by and for the summer residents is also to be a neighborhood utility. There will be a fire

on the hearth and the doors will be open weekly for the benefit of those who care to pasture its shelves and carry home its books, to take its magazines and keep them.

10. These twenty years have demonstrated the fact that not many care for these advantages, or, caring for them, can be persuaded that they may be secured. The writer knows of many comrades, brothers and sisters, in and out of the profession, who declare that this is "just the thing that they want and have been looking for," but who have denied themselves the privilege of Tower Hill for twenty years because, forsooth, the "leader might die and the venture might prove disastrous." The leader will die, doubtless, some day, but the trees keep growing, and, slowly but surely the colony increases, and the other fact becoming better and better demonstrated each year is that you cannot kill Tower Hill. It has come to stay. It is growing. It made no mistake when it banked upon sense, sincerity and simplicity. Instead of wearing out, exhausting them, it has invigorated those who have slept under the shelter of its trees and rested in the comradeship of thought and the communion of the prophets.

11. Let the sceptics and the faint-hearted take note. The season for 1911 will open at Tower Hill, July 1. The Summer School, which is to last for a month, will begin, presumably, July 16, and will close with the *sixth Women's Congress,* covering August 11, 12, 13. The main study will be devoted to "Beginnings," the roots of civilization, primitive man, with his first home, first altar, first prayer, first laws, and the earliest gods. There will be the usual reinforcement from poetry and from nature. There will be earnest work done. There will be enough of the old guard on hand to preserve its traditions and to maintain its standard, and there will be enough new ones on hand to contribute by their surprise, their joy and fresh appreciation, the necessary amount of enthusiasm and patience.

The management at Tower Hill has often declared that its advantages lie in its disadvantages, its isolation and its scheme of work, which has won for it, from the wise and dignified, the assumption that it is impracticable. Tower Hill still banks on its "impracticabilities." It has triumphed over many obstacles. If it has failed to "make it go," it has succeeded in making it stay. And it is going right on, and those who want the privileges of a cottage on Tower Hill for the season of 1911 had better apply early.

Love, which is sunlight of peace
Age by age to increase,
Till anger and hatred are dead,
And sorrow and death shall cease:
"Peace on earth and good will":
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far off, infinite bliss. —*Edwin Arnold.*

Tower Hill Letter

As I sit here on the wide porch overhanging the hillside, with the welcome patter of rain after the long time of uninterrupted sunshine, the picture before my eyes, when I choose to lift them, of the hills, at once blurred and revealed by the mists, I find myself listening and looking for the voices and friendly faces that a few hours ago filled the place. At least, if the people did not actually fill the Hill, their ideas and visions which, after all, constitute the real personality of people, did, as their words filled pavilion, library, dining-room and groves in the companionship of the past two days. For we have had the quiet of the Tower Hill summer broken in upon by the Woman's Congress, the Woman's Congress which does not belong to the women, was not addressed by women alone, nor was woman the sole object of interest, either as a person or a member of society. From the tone of the lectures and discussions, she was what Mr. Edward J. Ward heard described by the colored preacher, who said she was created for man's helpmate, "not his settin' down he'pmeet, no' his do-all-the-wo'k he'pmeet," so here the talking was shared and evidenced that work was shared by both men and women.

So I think it is a congress on the same principle that the cave, which one reaches after a lovely, shady, pine-carpeted walk with a good little scramble at the end, is called a cave, as the master of the Hill explains, because it is not a cave, but a tunnel. I shall not go into the history of either the tunnel or the cave, contenting myself with my own interpretation,—one's own interpretation is the most satisfying, anyway,—of why it is called a Woman's Congress, and that is the fact that the women of Wisconsin only attend when they are fortunate enough to be chosen by the woman, the capable, untiring head of Wisconsin's Traveling Library system, Miss L. E. Stearns, of Milwaukee. She not only chose good women to attend, but good speakers to be listened to, on subjects very much alive and relating to the welfare of all the people.

When people tell the story of their own work and that work lies close to the heart, it is always interesting and inspiring. So when Mrs. Julia Kurtz, of the Martha Washington Home in Wauwautosa, told of her work for girls, especially those who need the shelter and love of a home, and of whom one of their own number said the world has no place for them except the depths of shame, when she told of the work for legislation, of personal work for girls and women, of the 95 per cent saved to honest and happy lives, it made us feel how possible and how necessary for every city to have such a home. Her consecration almost made us forget the years of persistent effort, for her talk was so cheery as well as so cheering. When Miss Rosa Perdue, the State Factory Inspector, told us of the "Big Sister" movement, each felt more than ever the joy, as well as the need, of being a big sister when she could. The secret of the success of these women is the same old power,—that of love.

Mr. Edward J. Ward, minister, professor at the University of Wisconsin, late of Rochester, N. Y., where he demonstrated the principle that the public school house should be the neighborhood center for old as well as young, is another person who is doing things. Where in a democracy could the social life of the people be better illustrated and carried out than

in that institution of which America may well be most proud,—the free public school? And, of course, the word "social" includes the political, religious,—not theological,—economic, educational life as well as the simple, sincere good will of neighbors. When Wisconsin has been put on her feet, other states will claim Mr. Ward; meanwhile they can borrow him through the extension department of the university.

Rev. Charles E. Beals, secretary of the Chicago Peace Society, gave us an uplift Sunday morning by his faith in the "Dreamers," a faith founded on the history of civilization, and his optimism in regard to the near approach of the accomplishment of the work of the Peace Society, work now covering a hundred years.

The Congress closed with addresses by Mr. Basanta Koomar Roy and Jamini Kanta Koar, representatives of the present-day views of educated natives of far-away India, and the latter a member of the Brahmo-Somaj. The evening closed with a sparkling and heart-warming exchange of thanks, gifts and good will.

The work of reporting a meeting of this sort is most unsatisfactory because cold print, even if one could be allowed space enough, is inadequate to the reproduction of the spirit that prevailed, and of the inspiration of such vision and such service.

Two other good things remain to be spoken of, kept to the last because they belong quite as much to Tower Hill as to the Congress, because they fit into the life of the Hill and express its spirit,—that spirit so aptly summed up by a visitor, Miss Rhoda White, of Middlebury, Vermont, on that last evening, when she said she was going away with a new and larger definition of two words—service and hospitality. One of these was in commemoration of the life of Mrs. Grace Lloyd Jones, former Secretary of the Woman's Congress, a loved member of the Tower Hill and Hillside communities, a truly neighborly woman, of large heart and mind. This service revealed not only her place and character, but the spirit that broods over this valley and enters into the hearts of those who tarry here, the spirit of simplicity, of sincerity, of love. No wonder our Hindu friends were "at home" in this gentle place, and made "homesick" by the realization here of that spirit which consecrates and raises a place into a home!

In the history of Tower Hill, read by Miss Bertha Howe at the close of the summer school, was included a description of the dedication of a cottage on this Hill, an idyllic service. How fortunate, then, were we to witness the dedication of the new Library building, the gift of Miss Howe. The addresses, the music, the presentation of some sixty books by the congress to the library, the talk and readings of the author of "Friendship Village," Zona Gale, with her charming personality, loved of Tower Hill as well as of a larger circle, all these in the pavilion with its open sides giving out upon woods and hills, its rustic pulpit, flower-decked with purple and lavender of the meadows and the oak-leaves of the woods. Then came the winding procession to the steps of the library, the prayer, the responsive reading, the delivery of the keys, and the throwing open of the doors as we trooped into the cozy room simply decorated with white flowers.

I can tell you what we did, but unless you are born of the spirit you will never know! All this feast of good things has come at the close of the Summer School, and the Summer School closed the Seven Years' Course in the study of the eternal verities,—this summer being devoted to "The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion." But it is not of this I wish to speak now so much as to say that next summer the Seven Years' Course will begin again, providing a good opportunity for new-comers to get into line. The accommodations for the lodging of people here are limited, but the opportunities for enlargement of the mental and spiritual horizon are unlimited. Why? Because the teacher is a man of catholic hospitality to Truth and, knowing that men may entertain an angel unawares, is ready for the continuous revelation, and in his love of truth finds truth in every age, behind every form, caring for the form only as it is transfigured by Truth, unconventional in that best sense of not being impeded by forms, but using forms as they aid in the expression of Truth. For Tower Hill is unconventional, but is governed by the forms in which loving-kindness naturally results.

I said the accommodations for visitors were limited, but I believe I should retract this statement in view of the ease with which the increased family of the past two days has been cared for. There are those who would say "apparent ease," but I shall omit the qualifying adjective and take the people at their word,—they said it was easy, and the quiet, well-ordered administration made it appear so,—while the young people have certainly taken to heart one of the mottoes of this Tower Hill summer,

> "Rest is not quitting the busy career,
> Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere."

and the sphere seems to be Service.

CORA STANTON BROWN.

Tower Hill, Wisconsin, August 15, 1910.

THE HOUSE OF DREAMS

A house not built by mortals,
In summer days is mine;
Wide open stand its portals
All sweet with flower and vine.

Complete it is, capacious
Each airy hall and room,
And welcome ever gracious
Breathes from its walls of bloom.

I've music made by fountains,
By brooks and birds and gales;
My epics are the mountains,
My lyrics are the vales.

Frescoes on every ceiling
Painted by Morn and Night,
And every niche revealing
Some treasure of delight.

Wine that is clear and sunny
My grassy cellars hold,
And jars heaped full of honey
And cups of fragrant gold.

Many a leafy pennant
Above my slumber streams;
I am God's happy tenant
In this dear house of dreams.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

Ceaseless growth means ceaseless emancipation.—*Henry D. Lloyd.*

THE STUDY TABLE

The People and Social Justice

IV. How May the People Obtain Social Justice?

By Edwin Rumball

This part of our subject offers the greatest opportunity for disagreement. We may be virtually one in our definition of social justice, one in our realization of the need for it, one in discriminating between those who are for and against it, yet as soon as we shall speak of how it may be obtained, it will be easy to divide.

Of course, this is not peculiar to the subject before us. It is inevitable with all great subjects. The world is virtually one in believing that man has a religious nature, but it is yet in conflict as to how that nature should be developed. Civilization is agreed that a child needs an education, but we are yet disputing about our methods. Instead of this disagreement, however, being to the loss of mankind, it is to our gain. Instead of being an evidence of our depravity, it is rather a proof of our greatness. The methods of men vary because each man, each group, has freedom and individual worth. We do not form a machine, but a growing life full of all kinds of activities. That the Catholic church has recently formed a society to fight Socialism is to be rejoiced in, because, if the fight is fair, the very best form of democracy will result. We have nothing to fear from natural conflict as long as the spirit of goodwill and the love of truth prevail. Carroll D. Wright is often quoted as having remarked, "When anyone offers a solution to the social problem, I always move to adjourn." But the real trouble is not the presentation of a solution, but as a writer in the *Survey* once remarked, "When anyone hits on a probable solution, he harps upon it so much that everyone wants to adjourn." This world would be very uninteresting, almost uninhabitable, if we were to lose the enthusiasts who are sure that their "ism" or "ology" is the cure for all the wrold's woe. The young man who has not a theory for the salvation of the world before he is twenty, will not be looked to to do anything for progress. We can forgive all manner of conclusions if we can only see a little zeal in these unfeeling times. It is not the hasty conclusion that is doing so much social harm today, but the inertia, miscalled conservatism. Conservatism, be it said once for all, is not anti-progreseive. The conservative man is the man with progressive ideas and life, who in the interest of what he deems surer success, moves forward patiently. Conservatives and radicals there ought always to be in every true society, but no society should long tolerate fanatics and drones. The most incautious thing to do today is to do nothing, and too many such men are praised before our youth as *safe* men. The French king did nothing, and that was a very important thing to do in order to obtain a Revolution. And every man today who is asleep over the wrongs of man to man, who moves no nerve for social justice, is simply provoking fanaticism. This is our worst anarchism, not bomb-throwing but social idleness.

But to come nearer to our subject. Of course every one hopes that his or her pet theory will receive favorable mention, and everyone has the right to be disappointed. There are a large number of solutions "going the rounds of society" that are pathetic for their inadequacy. As Professor Hall says in his helpful work on "Social Solutions," some social proposals are like the March hare's watch repairs in "Alice in Wonderland." "He oiled his watch with butter and it did not go, although it was the very best butter." It is very needful that we should remind ourselves of what we want before we indicate how it may be obtained. We tried to outline our need in our definition of social justice. Let us recall for a moment that charter. We found that for social justice we require the recognition of the family as the unit of society, not only in theory but in practice, and that from family relations all social relations shal be drawn. Hence there must be with all natural differences a social equality, a stewardship in all property, and a standard of success expressed in the terms of ethics. In detail we outlined our conception as involving the abolition of the misery of poverty and the furthering of industrial democracy, that the life of the spirit might be as free to all. How may the people obtain *this* social justice?

We have seen that injustice is present with us in two ways. It may come from the immorality of individuals, or it may come from an unfair system that individuals feel powerless to alter. Of course both can be traced to individual unfaithfulness. Thus our solution must be able to meet this double foe. The correction of individual disloyalty to social justice is not the hardest part of our problem. It is something that every parent, teacher and leader is continually doing. And we may well leave its sure and splendid work to tread its path to certain triumph. It is often said that here is where reformers should concentrate their strength. Change human nature and do not meddle with institutions, seeing institutions depend on human nature. Dickens warns us to be sure that we have human nature, and in his "Justice and Liberty," it sems to us that G. Lowes Dickinson has answered the entire question which should occupy our effort. "If it be true," he writes, "that institutions depend on human nature, it is also true that human nature depends on them, and on our ideas about them. And if you treat institutions as something sacrosanct, if you rule out all criticism of them and all experimenting with them, you are hindering precisely the change in human nature which you say you want, by suppressing that insurrection of the spirit which alone can bring it about. . . . What really stirs men is a demonstration that the order under which they live is neither reasonable nor just. They may then come to find it so intolerable that they can no longer rest in it. And then, and then only, you have the condition of your change in human nature." For such a reason it seems best therefore to show how the system of injustice may be dealt with, as the unjust individual already has a large number of people interested in his social welfare. Three or four changes are proposed today to deal with this problem, but I confine myself to the proposals of one only, which is capturing for its ranks a veritable army of milions in every country on the globe; of course I mean the proposals of socialism. They call themselves "comrades," these men, and their comradeship transcends all geographical boundaries. When Japan and Russia made "blood-filled trenches" between themselves, these "comrades" of Japan wrote the folowing message to the "comrades" of Russia:

"Dear Comrades:—Your government and ours re-

cently plunged into war to carry out their imperialistic tendencies, but for us socialists there are no boundaries, race, country, or nationality. We are comrades, brothers and sisters, and have no reason to fight." Now, whatever we think of the "ism" of these "comrades," every idealist amongst us must admit that this spirit at least is the spirit which one not-very-far-off-day will give us the federation of the world.

We all are admitting today that socialism is in the air, and that many of our best reforms are admittedly of a socialistic tendency. Can we say that their proposals indicate how the people will obtain social justice? Wherever they demand a revelation that will suddenly transfer all property and power to the hands of the present laboring class, wherever their spirit of brotherhood is made synomous with the spirit of revolt, wherever violence and unscientific methods are advocated, then we say emphatically that they can offer no solution to our problem, but that they only confuse it. Such proposals only meet moods, not principles, they fit certain environments, but never harmonize with any lofty ideal. It is not sufficient to have an economic reason for what we endorse, nor even a sentimental reason, we *must* have a moral reason and a moral method and a moral end. The Spanish martyr for modern education, Francisco Ferrer, has said the best word in reply to this kind of socialism that we have seen for a long time. "Time respects only those institutions which time itself has played its part in building up. That which violence wins for us today, another act of violence may wrest from us tomorrow. Those stages of progress alone are durable which have rooted themselves in the mind and conscience of mankind before receiving the final sanction of legislation." But it is only fair to say that a great deal of modern socialism teaches the same as Ferrer and makes no such proposals as we have condemned. But it is true that there are "comrades" who feel that social justice cannot come until some catastrophe introduces it, who rather rejoice at any sign of the lot of the workers getting harder or the power of capitalism getting into fewer hands. That is to say, they feel that the less social wealth there is the more chances there are for social justice. But how can the social ideal depend on the decrease of social wealth? Decrease your social wealth and you decrease the social fitness of the people for increased democracy. To make a revolter is not to make a socialist, if these words mean what they seem to mean. In 1872 Marx and Engels announced in the preface to the new edition of the *Communist Manifesto* that the Paris Commune had exhibited a proof that "the working classes cannot simply take possession of the ready-made state machine and set it in motion for their own aims." The result is that a growing number of men and women are thinking less and less of "the final aim of Socialism" and more and more of the ethical and economic value of the struggle. The Revisionist and the Fabian Socialism both declare that Socialism cannot come until we have democratized our present democracy. All this means that we are discovering that we cannot solve the problem of social injustice by a mere change of political control, but only by a change of the people. This does not mean that the educational effect of changed institutions is nil, but that in our earnest endeavor to change these institutions we cannot afford to be careless about the progress of the people. They can only move forward slowly, and only woe awaits those who risk too much with them by haste. It is this conviction that makes English labor leaders,—socialists and non-socialists,—strong anti-saloon men; they know where the worker can most retard his education for an industrial democracy. Many of us, it seems to me, will find the solution for social injustice by furthering all right proposals for the democratizing of our entire life, politicaly and industrially. This may be called Socialism or something else, it matters little; the real thing is to move forward with the social ideal and let no one find in us a stumbling block to true progress. There are at least two arguments against the increased democracy of evolutionary socialism, neither of which is very important. It may be urged that to give increased property to the community will be financially disastrous. The voice of Mammon hopes to gain many converts for the present selfish system by saying of the new that it will not pay. But our question is not, will it pay, but will it give us more social justice? will it give us a higher civic morality? will it increase the opportunities of the people for a higher, better life? Such is the standard by which we measure other social expenditures. We never ask whether it pays to keep our streets clean, nor do we expect financial returns from our park boards or fire departments. Of course social justice pays, but not immediately in a lessened tax rate, but in brighter homes, healthier children, and in steady progress toward that slaveless toil when all men shall be workers increasing each other's joy and not their selfishness.

It may be urged in the second place that to expect such things is to expect too much from human nature, that human nature always has moved forward by selfishness, and that whether we like it or not we can never hope to change it. This is blasphemy. We do not change human nature, but we increase its humanity. Bad natures do change to good natures, untrustworthy natures into faithful and reliable natures. And even if the proofs of this were not so many, would it not be sufficient to reply that you cannot have moral efficiency without moral risk? The problem is certainly not easy, and forgiveness should be always ready for those who sincerely hesitate to affirm what we affirm. There is much to justify the pessimist. The captain of industry who says that he cannot obtain efficiency in his workmen unless he appeals to their greed, could produce many witnesses to his truthfulness. Even in co-operative industry, the success has been due as much, if not more, to the members' love of dividends as to their love of co-operation. Yes, *there is a lot of human nature that wants changing.* That is all these things prove. The man who doubts the power of human nature to change is simply restating the problem. The only thing to do is to have our new system, whatever it be, rise organically from the hearts and wills of the people. We dare not leave the world in its present state. If any man thinks free trade or protection is the next step towards social justice, let him work for it, heart, soul and mind, earnestly, even though it hurts his business and alienates his friends. The point is this, and others have made it, that if a man votes for free trade or protection simply because it helps *his* business, he is animated by the same selfish spirit that leads a man to accept a bribe. This is how the people may obtain social justice, by earnestly seeking it, by aiding and

believing the best of every movement going in its direction. Our method must be peaceful, religious and educational. All the blood has been shed. If you shed blood, you may only have class justice, but social justice must be for all the people.

We cannot say of social justice as some people foolishly remark of woman's suffrage: "When they all want it, they will get it." Social justice must not be left to the demand of those who suffer the most injustice. If *we* find society fairly just to us, we have in that no excuse for standing outside the ranks of those who first seek the democracy of God. Life is too serious for such trifling with great issues. We stand now where we always stand, in the presence of the Great God of our Democracy, in that presence where for ages men and women have emade great moral decisions 'ere the cause brought fame and profit and it was prosprous to be just. Lives have been changed and nations have made history by the decision of common men and women to count all things loss that the commands of the soul be obeyed. I ask you to follow no "ism" or political program, but one greater thing. Will you, whatever it costs, will you do today that which your soul tells you is socially just? It *will* cost, but

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch."

A Theological Analogy

It was not at the little church by the roadside at Wayback, but in a fine stone church in an aspiring Eastern village, that the clergyman departed from the usual custom and met the issue squarely. It was the doctrine of the Atonement and by way of illustration the preacher told of a certain Englishman who was condemned to death, whereupon an innocent man came forward and offered to die in his stead. The pastor had to explain that there was no English law under which the innocent could be punished for the guilty, and added: "But it is easy to see that, had England been governed by an absolute monarch, such a substitute might have been made." He might have carried his illustration farther for such substitutions have been, and doubtless still are common in China.

But the question arises: Can it ever be just to punish an innocent person for the crime of another, even though the former be willing to suffer the penalty, and even with the sanction of the Chinese autocrat—can it be just even in China? While the Emperor of China may have the power to execute the just for the unjust, he has not the power to transform injustice into justice, even in the domain of his own empire, for might does not make right. Neither could such a substitution be made *just* in England by a change in the laws of the nation. In short, there is no God almighty enough to make it just anywhere.

It has been said: "Aloft, on the throne of God, and not in the footsteps of a trampling multitude, are the eternal principles of Right; which no majorities can sway or overthrow,"—which is all right, properly understood. But it might be more comprehensive to put it this way: Founded upon the Bed-Rock of Moral law are the eternal principles of Justice which no Imperial authority can shake or displace.

Robertsville, Conn. W. S. CLINGAN.

Alexander MacLaren: The Lord Tennyson of the Pulpit.

An eloquent man, and mighty in the scriptures. Acts 18:24.

By Joseph Newton.

My word of farewell to the great preacher of the church of my fathers is more than a memory. Today, among things to be glad of, I am indeed glad that my youth was touched by the visions of his rich and luminous genius. His wand swayed me from afar, and his name is linked with the memory of a home where great preachers, like great poets, were held in honor. To me it is as if a man whose house is at the foot of a mountain should go to his window, and find the mountain gone. He was one of my heroes, and his going leaves me lonely.

But he has gone only to return in a more intimate followship of gratitude and inspiration. In paying tribute to Alexander Maclaren we honor the Christian ministry, of which he was for so long a chief ornament and glory. For if Beecher was "the Shakespeare of the pulpit," as he has been called, Phillips Brooks was its Robert Browning, and Maclaren was its Lord Tennyson. As for David Swing, he was more of an essayist than a preacher, more of a sage than a seer—a Greek philosopher who wandered out of the world of an oncient dream into the rush and hurry of Chicago.

This is not to say that Beecher was the equal of Shakespeare in genius, but only that he resembled the Bard of Avon in the prodigal fertility of his resources and the easy mastery powers. Into his fancy was gathered all the bewildering imagery of his country, and his ministry marked a new era both in politics and in religion. So also Phillips Brooks; he had the passionate humanism, the victorious vision of God in Christ, and the almost incredible swiftness of mind that we note in Browning. In the same way Maclaren had the fine poise of reason, the stately grace of soul, the exquisite finish of art, and the sweet-toned pathos of Tennyson, though he was certainly a man of much greater intellectual force than Tennyson was. Indeed, he himself preferred Browning to Tennyson, and was more indebted to Carlyle than to either.

Alexander Maclaren was born in 1826, in a home such as Burns described in "Cotter's Saturday Night," —the old home of poverty and prayer whence came the race of great preachers which is one of the glories of Scotland. He was educated at the Glasgow university and preached his first sermon before he was twenty. For twelve years he was pastor of Southampton—student years full of the peace of pure thoughts and the high toil of a scholar. Wherever there were large and vital ideas, thither he went with open mind and grateful heart, and it was there that he fashioned his literary style, resolved never to clothe the gospel truth in rags and tatters. His first volume of sermons was printed privately, for the eyes of his friends only. If you would know the life-purpose of this young man hear these words:

"I have become so convinced that I was best serving all the varied social, economical, and political interests that are dear to me, by preaching what I conceive to be the gospel of Christ, that I have limited myself to

that work. I am sure, with a growing conviction day by day, that so we Christian ministers best serve our generation. My work, whatever yours may be, is, and has been for many years, and I hope will be for a little while longer yet, to preach Christ as the King of England and the Lord of all our communities, and the Saviour and Friend of the individual soul."

During a ministry of fifty-seven years he had but two pastorates, and from this lofty and noble aim he never turned aside. To be a messenger of Christ was his single ambition, and he found in the pulpit ample scope for his vast powers. Unlike most masters of the pulpit, Maclaren is known only as a preacher, and his literary influence, like that of F. W. Robertson, is exerted only through his sermons. If ever a prophet stood among us in these latter days, it was he. He was a man whose heart God had touched with fire, and no other man has made the laws of the spiritual life so clear, so real, so living, uniting the passion of seer with the grace and charm of literary art. God be thanked for these heavenly entranced souls who touch us and make us, if only for a brief time, better than ourselves.

With all his intellectual clearness and keenness the sense of tears was never far away. The mystery of life was ever present, at times piercing, and even the revelation of God did not take it away. His message was often heavy with awful tidings to evil doers, yet it was uttered by a man who spoke always as one who had eaten his bread in sorrow—never with hardness, but even with wooing tenderness, and a voice that trembled with pity for man. His long fellowship with the God of the Bible made sin a horrible and stupid thing, all the more so for that it wrought such woe, such death of all fine things, in the soul of man. Yet above his pathos was heard the note of hope, and in his later years more clearly than ever.

Time does not permit me to speak of the technique of his art. For Alexander Maclaren was a great artist, and his best work belongs to the domain of the fine arts. Some of his sermons stand out like statues of Angelo. His literary style has been the marvel of two generations—a style terse, chaste, finished, brilliant, touched with hues of poetry, exquisite in its simplicity of austere beauty. There were sermons that flamed like the swords of judgment, lighting up the paths of evil like flashes of lightning. There were epigrams, uttered as if by accident, that focused whole volumes into one brief and brilliant vision. There were passages in which life seemed to drop its veil and the gates stood ajar. There were sermons of comfort, of happy fellowship with God, when the voice of the prophet was like the low, sweet notes of the flute. There were sentences that echoed like the sound of country bells, provoking one knows not what vein of music and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear. As a literary paper said the other day, he was one of the greatest of living writers and, what was more wonderful, his reported sermons were even superior to his written sermons.

How our hearts burned within us as he talked with us by the way, and opened unto us the scriptures. He was the prince of pulpit expositors of the Bible, and his work can never grow dim. Whatever the restless fires of criticism may burn away, that which is of God abides, and is indestructible; and it was with that in the Bible which is eternal that Maclaren had to do. He was aware of all that had been said and done in the field of criticism, but none of these things moved him. Men read many things into the Bible, and those things will shrivel, but the Bible stands evermore like the mountains of God,

> "From the rock as if by magic grown,
> Eternal, silent, beautiful, alone."

God, Christ, and the Soul, and their eternal life together—that was what Maclaren found in the Bible, and to that he put himself to school. His scholarship was the implement, and his literary genius the instrument, to make that music prevail in the dusty lanes and crowded marts of men. Beginning at Moses and the prophets, he expounded to us the things concerning Christ, whom he saw walking the dreamy paths of prophecy as he walked the stony roads of Judea. He loved best the Psalms where the human heart was swept by the winds of God; the visions of Isaiah, awhir with white and hurrying wings; the story of Jesus and its pictures of the human life of God; and the epistles of St. Paul with their joyous and palpitating experience of the divine facts of the gospel. How noble he was in dealing with themes such as these, how rich and delicate his insight, how stately his style, how chaste and moving his eloquence. Listen to these words in his exposition of the 90th Psalm, beginning with the towering words: "Lord thou has been our dwelling place in all generations."

"The sad and stately music of this great psalm befits the dirge of a world. How artificial and poor, beside its restrained emotion and majestic simplicity, do even the most deeply felt strains of other poets sound. It preaches the mortality of man in immortal words. Like the God of whom it hymns, it has been, for generation after generation, an asylum. As some ancestral home shelters generation after generation of a family, and in its solid strength stands unmoved, while one after another of its somewhile tenants is borne forth to the grave, and the descendants sit in the halls where for centuries before their ancestors sat, God is the home of all who find any real home amidst the fluctuating nothings of this shadowy world."

That is great music. It teaches us that the presence of God is the safety of the soul, whatever storms may roar. Some of his sermon divisions are quite unforgetable, and cannot be improved. They divide as naturally as the branches of a tree, and heavenly voices whisper among the leaves. His sermon on "Christ Hastening to the Cross" is one of the noblest utterances in the annals of the pulpit, majestic and memorable not less for its intellectual magnificence than for its spiritual solemnity and depth. With what awe of restraint he treated those shadowy themes of thought may be seen in his sermon on "The Second Death." His words shake the heart and still it:

"Behind that grim figure, the shadow feared of man that waits for all at some turn of the road, cloaked and shrouded, there rises a still grimmer and more awful form, if form it can be called, which form hath none. There is something back of physical death which can lay its grip upon the soul that is already separated from the body. The second death, like a second tier of mountains, rises behind and above it, sterner and colder than the lower hills in the foreground. What desolation, what unrest, what peeling off of faculties, opportunities, delights, may be involved in that solemn conception we may never know here. God grant that we may never know."

Of the theology of Maclaren little need be said,

except that it was the theology of the Bible, not of the schools. He formulated no system of dogma. Indeed he avoided theological terms not found in the Bible, however much in use. To him Christ was everything, at once the testing place of theology, and, above all, the trysting place of the soul. He held that men "become Christians by a great emigration." They yield to a divine call, and that call he sounded, and with all the keys of his harp of gold, in every sermon. The aspect of the human condition that struck him was its burdened and toil-worn appearance, and he was ever inviting men away from stupid sins and fretting cares to Christ who sets them free.

How wonderful, in his exposition of the Epistle to the Colossians, is his portrayal of the philosophy of life that is in Christ, as over against the vapid fancies which that epistle refutes. One lays it aside with a renewed pity for that shallow and starved religion which contents itself with mere humanitarian conceptions of Christ. He knew that the arch of faith must be uplifted by a loftier truth if it is to be a home of the soul, and that its foundation must be deeper and more solid if it is to have steadfastness sufficient to be the unmoved basis of mortal lives. Christ was his foundation, and he would build on no other. How fine and sure was his insight, how stately and firm his step, as he justified this faith in the mid-years of a Hamlet age.

Yet none knew better than he the difficulties of Christian thought and life. He knew only in part, and after fifty years he summed up his vision of God in these remarkable words: "Darkness and light; a heart of fire, and a wrapping of shadow. Ever the lamp burns; ever around it the smoke wreathes." He knew that life is not all fair and smooth, not all bright and shining. How rich he is in counsel to those who must walk over moor and fen, over crag and torrent, in the dark. His lesson for us is to go straight on in the path of duty, though the light be dim and the way narrow. If it seem to bring us to cliffs, we may be sure that when we get there we shall find some ledge which will suffice for a foot-path. Though the stream seem deep and bridgeless, we shall find a ford when we get to the water's edge. In such sermons the courage of faith was blended with a bright-eyed sagacity, and all felt that he knew whereof he spoke.

Volumes could be filled with little touches of beauty which bestrew the pages of this incomparable preacher. For example, in going through a book of poems you come upon names brought to us from afar on the wings of the songs—unknown names that would otherwise have been lost—like the lids of a book of which the pages are lost. So Maclaren was touched with pathos by the minor figures of the Bible, like Epaphras, who came all the way from his quiet village in the depths of Asia Minor to get guidance about his flock from the great Apostle, and who bore them on his heart, day and night, while so far from them. How strange the fortune which has made his name and solicitude immortal! Or look at this picture:

"I remember a sunset at sea, where the bosom of each wavelet that fronted the west was aglow with fiery gold, and the back of each turned eastward was cold green; so that, looking on one side all was glory, and on the other all was somber melancholy. So differently does life look to you who are young and to us older ones."

No sketch of Alexander Maclaren, however inadequate—as every sketch of him must be—should close without some mention of his prayers. He did no part of his work in a slovenly manner, and he carefully prepared his prayers. This, like other things, demands thought and toil. We have the prayers of Lynch in his "Sermons to my Curates," and they are among the most beautiful we know. There are the prayers of Beecher, remarkable for their wistful tenderness, and the prayers of Martineau with their blend of love and awe. But there is that in the prayers of Maclaren that one does not find anywhere else, and to read them is to be led into communion with the Father of Spirits. It must be that men saw angels ascending and descending on the ladder of his prayer! He did not meditate; he held ineffable dialogue with God!

Out on the prairies where my boyhood was spent we had no mountains. Only the level earth stretched away into the distance, with patches of wild flowers and fields of waving grain. But the soul must have its mountains, and mine were the souls of great mountain-men—peaks of beauty to beckon even while they baffled. Alexander Maclaren was one of them. The very thought of him is an inspiration and a grace. And these mountains begirt me wherever I go, by the faith whereby mountains are moved. Nor can death remove them into the depth of the sea. Though I never saw this great preacher, and never heard his voice, yet he has been to me a tower of strength in the midst of the years. With gratitude and love I pay him this poor tribute, and follow him in thought into the land whither he has gone

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

THE JOY OF LIVING

The air was fragrant,
The trees were leaving,
The grass its greenest,
The sun his brightest,
My heart the lightest,
One sweet day.

Nature smiled blithely and I sood enjoying;
Lo, where a picture my mind was employing
Homely, yet beautiful, that which I saw:
Grocery wagon and horse in the street;
Driver approaching with hurrying feet,
Stealing a moment to snatch on the way
Something that horses like better than hay—
Bunch of green grass all so dewy and sweet,
Took the mute thanks, then up-sprang to his seat.
"Crude thing and commonplace; nought!"—do you say?
Lovelier far than that wonderful day.
Sparkle of nature, what good were it then
'Twere not to make kinder the impulse of men?
Driver and faithful steed, June day and I:
Joyousness blent us one, there 'neath the sky!

HARRIET MORLOCK GLEASON.

A wonderful thing is a seed!
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true,
Fickle and faithless never.

For plant lilies, and lilies will bloom:
Plant roses, and roses will grow:
Plant hate, and hate to life will spring:
Plant love, and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow. —*Anon.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

FOREIGN NOTES

THE BERLIN CONGRESS.—"From our wonderful Congress my best salutations to you! How I regret that you are not here! I saw Mr. Wendte and others. More than 200 Americans; 300 from England. We are in the midst of these great streams of spirit."—Such is the written message just received from our long-time friend and UNITY reader, Rev. Wilhelm Gamper of Dresden, on a postal card, the other side of which bears a view of the picturesque Wartburg-Hof and the printed word: *Gruss vom Weltkongress fur freies Christentum und religiosen Fortschritt* 5-10 August 1910.

Thanks to the thoughtful kindness of another German friend, not now in Berlin, the same mail brings newspaper clippings showing with what cordiality and fulness the German papers are noticing the Congress from day to day. Already on July 31, one finds in the *Berlinische Zeitung*, an extended editorial on the Religion of the Future, in which, by way of introduction to the forthcoming Congress, Charles W. Eliot's views are summarized and discussed. America, England and Germany, it is remarked, will furnish the largest contingents to the Congress, though France, Italy, Holland Switzerland, and other countries, even to Scandinavia and India will not be wanting. Naturally therefore, President Eliot's Harvard address furnishes the groundwork of this editorial, which closes with a reference to the Dortmund pastor, Gottfried Traub, and an appreciation of the New Theology, by R. J. Campbell, which has just appeared in an excellent German translation. In reading the free and devout meditations of Campbell concerning God and the universe, the nature of evil and salvation, Bible and church, every man who can see further than the spire of his own meeting-house must feel an inflowing sense of gladness: what the English theologian preaches from his pulpit in the City Temple, London, is the religion of the future, as the Westphalian liberal pastor proclaims it to his flock in Dortmund, as the Harvard President presented it to his students. So, in freedom and independence, there is taking shape a religiously progressive Christianity, which unites the minds and encircles the lands of the earth. "The new thoughts," says Campbell, "are a moral and spiritual movement, forerunner and sign of a great religious awakening, which shall once more inspire civilization and fill it with the spiritual significance of life. To theology I attach but secondary importance my chief interest is humanity." May the forthcoming international Berlin Congress of Religion convene under this conquering sign of spiritual unity, and through all differences of speech, religious creed and personal idiosyncrasy show forth that mighty community of sentiment which reaches a friendly hand across all the now historic religions and creeds into the higher unity of the dignity of man.

With the actual opening of the Congress the newspapers grow more enthusiastic and their reports will be shared with our readers in the weeks to come.

M. E. H.

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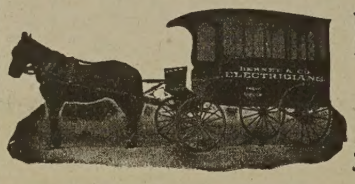

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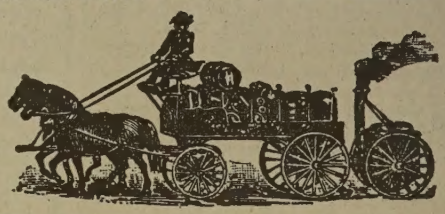

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